

Grand Theft Auto

Fanzine



all black :

grand theft auto

FANZINE

Our love for the Grand Theft Auto series goes back years. That is why our goal was to create a fanzine representing as many of the games as possible, to spread that love further. Thanks to the fantastic creators who contributed to the project, we managed rather well. You can find everyone's social media accounts on the credits page. Give them your love and support!

We hope you enjoy reading the zine as much as we enjoyed creating it. Happy holidays!

from aintgonnaleaveyoumikey and thenomansland.

Map Contents Stats Controls

_RANNITA	PAGE 7
IRIS-PNG	PAGE 8
THATONEGAYGEMDOESART	PAGE 9
MEOWDIOUS	PAGE 10
CLEEVITUS	PAGE 11
MARMAKAR	PAGE 12
AINTGONNALEAVEYOU MIKEY	PAGE 13
TRANS_MAMEZUKU	PAGE 17
CATTYVHS	PAGE 18
TARANTULAO	PAGE 19
YANKATON	PAGE 20
PRIM42	PAGE 22
DESPITETHECOLD	PAGE 23
YUMMYPLUM	PAGE 29
ATALAJOESTAR	PAGE 30
NOTMADSIMON	PAGE 31
GROOVI	PAGE 32
DAE/SQUIB	PAGE 33
THENOMANSLAND	PAGE 34



grand theft auto

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Start Game



Resume



Options









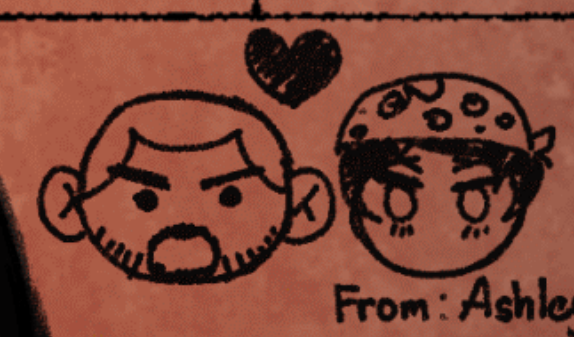


LOST
FOREVER

MET



LOYAL
T.L.M.C LIBERTY
VICE PRESTDENT



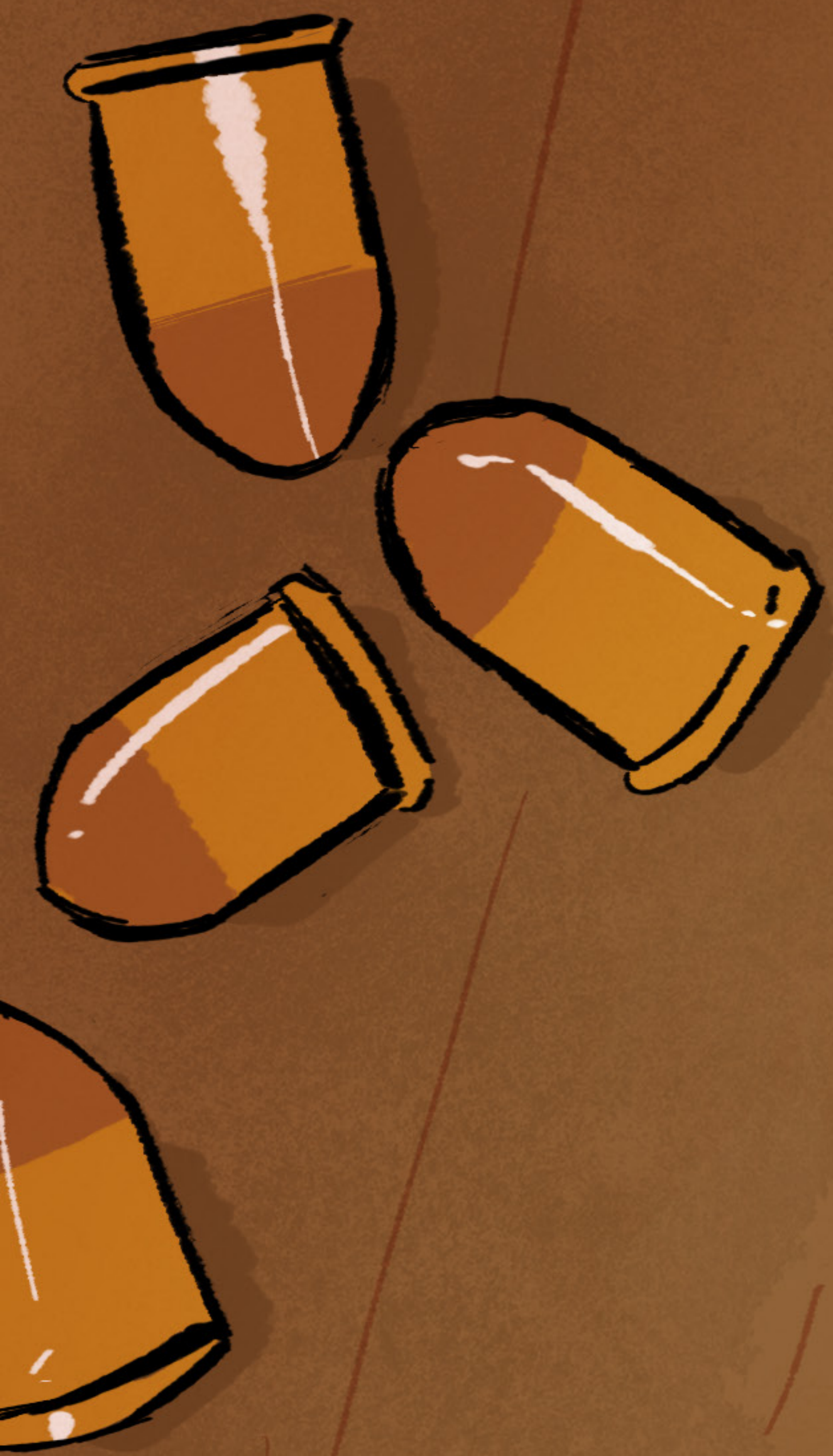
L.C.H.C
HARDCORE ROCK

LIBERTY
ROCK
RADIO

MEOWDIOUS



CleeVitus





**DO NOT JUDGE, AND YOU WILL
NOT BE JUDGED (LUKE 6:37)**

AINTGONNALEAVEYOU MIKEY

“Hello, Mrs. McReary,” Niko calls out as he steps into the living room. “Are you ready to go?”

She isn’t, that day. She isn’t even downstairs yet.

It was only last week that Niko tried to suggest hiring a private nurse to check up on her at least every morning and evening because her moving had become so difficult, but she firmly told him no before he could even finish the sentence.

Niko knows she believes her children will come to take care of her *any minute now* and that she will manage perfectly well in that big house until then, but there’s no one left to do that. Shortly after Francis’ funeral, Derrick disappeared, presumed dead even though a body was never found. Niko sometimes wonders if he made the wrong decision; Francis might have stepped up if he was still here, especially since Gerry is in prison, not a threat to him anymore.

Niko, of course, also knows that speculating is useless. He’s done enough of that, wondering if he could have saved Kate, the second McReary sibling shot because of him — and yes, even years later, he sometimes feels her weight slipping off his useless arms when he tries to fall asleep.

Packie stuck around for a while, but it was too much for him to be the only one left, or so Niko rationalized his disappearance. He was weeks too late to stop his friend from going, only finding out when he finally dared to call his number and found it disconnected. He went to the house, fearing he’d hear about another McReary kid’s death, but instead, Mrs. McReary handed him an unsigned note.

Take care of my Ma, Niko boy.

What else is there to do but just that? He brings her groceries and word jumbles, watches her shows with her and asks about the characters to give her something to talk about, takes her to see Gerry every two weeks, calls the family doctor when she is sick.

Listens to her talk about her family in its old glory, back when there was no dead husband or dead kids or kids who were locked away for life or kids who ran away and never came back. Packie never shared many details about his childhood, but enough for Niko to know that the life she describes was never real, at least not to Packie.

Niko doesn’t resent her for it.

“Mrs. McReary?”

Niko makes his way up to her room, surrounded by complete silence, and fears that...

He isn't enough to take care of her. He can't be there as much as she needs because he also has a niece to dote over, his and Roman's taxi business, friends to help — and still, tired as he is, he keeps doing it all. He tries to convince himself that it isn't guilt for irreparably tearing apart the already broken family but basic human decency. His hands may be those of a killer, but he *cares*. He can support those close to him in ways that don't mean more blood on his hands.

... But no, there she is, unable to get up from bed but otherwise fine. Niko helps her to the bathroom, gets her some clothes from the closet, walks her downstairs, and makes a quick lunch. She's embarrassed, keeps apologizing despite Niko saying it's okay, but not enough to accept outside help, especially not when Niko offers to pay for it. It isn't about the money but her pride — both in herself and the family that no longer exists.

Maybe I'm her family now, Niko muses as they eat sandwiches without talking. *Honorary McReary*.

If only she knew.

"Patrick called yesterday," she says when they wait at a red light on the way to Alderney.

"That's nice," Niko answers amicably.

"He—"

"Please, Mrs. McReary," he interrupts her, horrible as it feels. It isn't her fault that Packie chose to cut him out and that Niko must respect his wishes. That's why he never asks about him, no matter how much he worries.

Only this time, she doesn't end the conversation there. "He asked about you, Niko."

He is quiet for a moment, focusing on the traffic light as if by staring at it hard enough, it would turn green. "He did?"

"I think he misses you."

"And I miss him." *So much it hurts.*

"I know. That's why you boys should bury the hatchet. We are all going to be judged in the end. It's not up to us to do it."

"Why do you think we are judging each other?" He doesn't feel like they do. *Did*. Who was *he* to *judge* anyone?

Packie, though, has all the reasons to hate him.

“Because something came between your friendship. I don’t know what, but there is no reason you shouldn’t talk it out. Life is too short,” she says sharply, then sighs. “My sons wasted all that time arguing about nothing...”

And Niko can’t disagree with that — the brutal passage of time. And if Packie asked after him... “If he wants to talk to me, he knows how to reach me. I hope he does.”

“I will tell him that.”

Niko tries not to show how his hopes are rushing up. “Does he know you are struggling?”

“No, my boy. I don’t want to bother him. I’m doing fine.”

“I think you should tell him.”

“No.”

“I think he should know so he can return if he wants to.” He has a feeling Packie would. He hopes Packie will, one day.

“You are entitled to your opinion.”

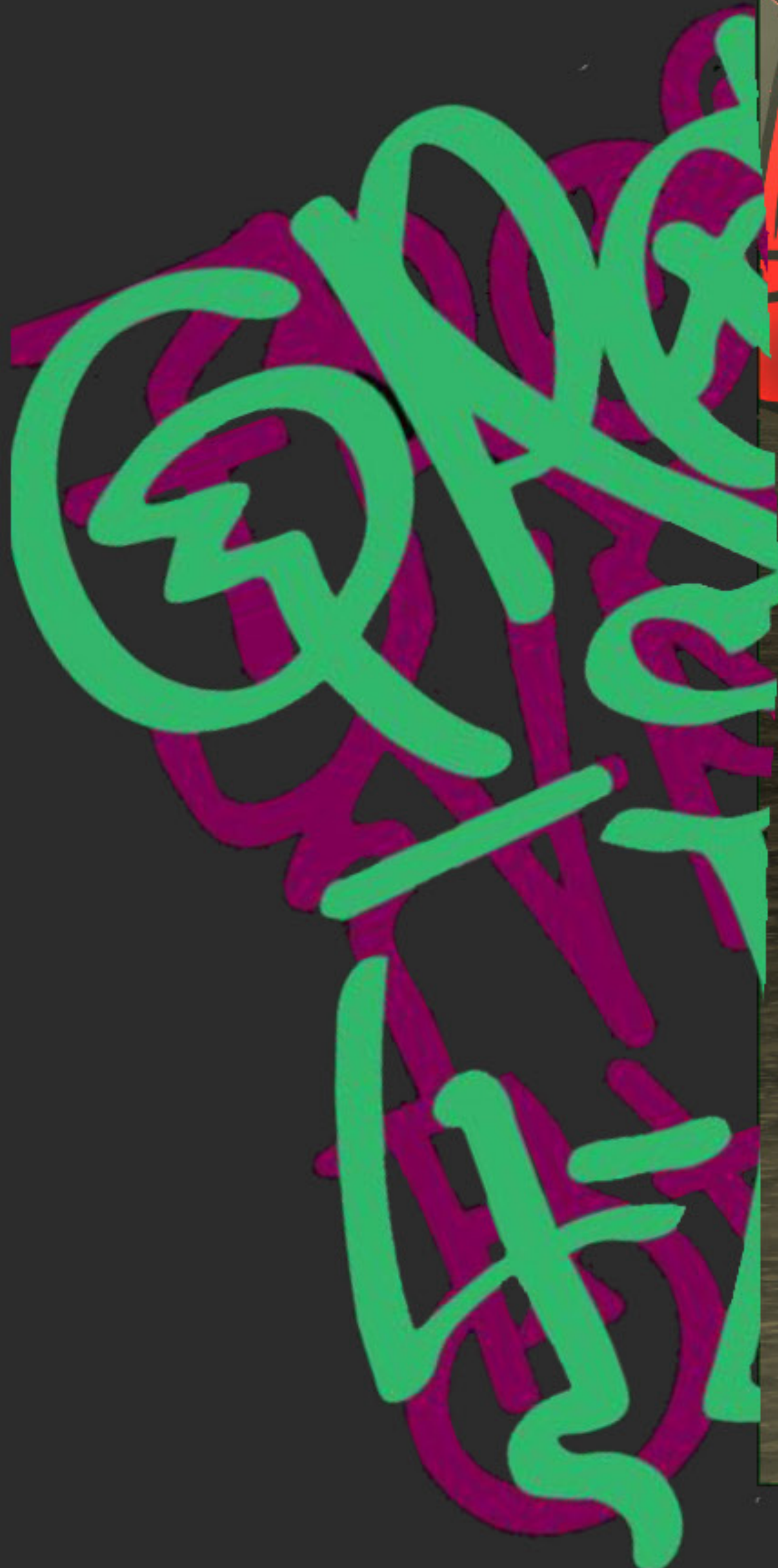
Niko drops the subject for a few weeks until he can share the good news with her, and he won’t take a no for an answer anymore, forcing her to hire someone to help.

He can’t do that from Los Santos.

to be continued

No TOQUES MI PINCHE TRUCK, ESE. ~CESAR V.

Back to Groove Street



grand
theft
auto
San Andreas





SECURITY

Ladies'
Night



YANK-A-TON



YANK-A-TON



BRAVE

DESPITETHECOLD

“Hey, Mikey.” The words came out of Trevor’s mouth as a soft murmur, with practiced ease. How he had missed the way that name rolled off of his tongue.

Under the layers of clothing he wore to protect himself from the ruthless Yankton cold, his skin was clammy with sweat, and his breath came out in short pants. Clearing out the snow to open the door to the telephone box hadn’t been an easy task. The soles of his boots were torn in various places, leaving him to deal with wet socks.

But none of that mattered then, not when he was finally about to hear Michael’s voice after a long month apart. He leaned against the wall, hand trembling and jaw stiff; the tequila shots he’d taken at the bar before going out to make the call had not been as effective as he had hoped at saving him from his nerves.

From the other side, Michael’s sigh was unmistakable — he was home, with his wife and kids, away from Trevor and *the life*, to spend Christmas in peace. Taking Trevor’s call apparently wasn’t among the things he wanted to do. “*Hey*,” he still greeted him.

Trevor trapped the phone between his ear and shoulder and looked outside at the dim streetlight, the falling snow. “I’ve been trying to reach you.” He sniffled. “Where were you?”

A long pause. “*I’ve been busy, T.*”

Trevor didn’t reply. His disappointment must have been audible through the shaky breath he released.

“*I was gonna call you tonight.*”

It was a blatant lie, yet Trevor didn’t have the heart to point it out. “Call me how, exactly? I left the motel.”

“*When?*”

“Last week.”

Michael’s tone turned serious. “*You could’ve told Mandy. We agreed on keeping each other informed about these things.*”

As if Trevor would tell Amanda anything when she was the one who had stolen Michael

from him and popped out two of his kids to ensure it stayed that way, which was one thing Trevor could never do. “Or you could get your lazy ass off the couch and pick up the damn phone instead of making your wife play secretary,” he scoffed to hide the hurt.

“...*Where are you staying now?*” Michael coldly asked instead of arguing with him, obviously ready to hang up.

Trevor shifted his weight from one foot to another. “I don’t have an address at the moment.”

“*You’re not doing anything stupid, are you?*”

Trevor swallowed heavily. He could have lied and told Michael to fuck off, that he knew how to take care of himself just fine. But he *had* been doing stupid things. Irreversibly stupid.

The silence dragged on until Michael repeated, “*T. Tell me you didn’t fuck up.*”

“Wow,” Trevor murmured, closing his eyes. “Ye of little faith, arentcha?”

Michael took a deep breath on the other line. A baby was crying in the background — *Jimmy*, Trevor guessed, since Tracey was a big girl now — and soon, Amanda’s voice joined in, softly singing to soothe him.

“I gotta tell you something,” he blurted before Michael used Jimmy waking up as an excuse to avoid talking to Trevor.

Michael sounded skeptical, almost cautious, when he spoke after a pause. “*What is it?*”

Deep breath. “Uhh... there’s... there’s this dive bar I like here. Small place. It’s... a gay bar.”

“*And?*” said Michael dispassionately. It was no secret Michael thought lowly of places of that nature — so very hypocritical of him. He seemed to be just fine engaging in homosexual activities when it was the two of them behind locked doors.

“And...” Trevor hoarsely continued, clenching and unclenching his fist. “There was this guy—”

“Why are you telling me this?” Michael interrupted, raising his voice. “I don’t wanna fucking know — sorry, Mandy — I don’t wanna know what you get up to in your own time.”

Trevor took a deep breath to calm his racing heart. “I might have it, Mikey,” he whispered into the phone.

“Have what?” Michael asked impatiently.

“It.”

“What the fuck are you talking about —give me a break, Amanda!”

Even though he had left behind the denial phase, it almost felt like saying it out loud would make the possibility of it real. Crouching down, he pressed his cheek against the grimy wall. “AIDS.”

The silence was deafening until Michael croaked, “...*What?*”

“He didn’t know he had it,” Trevor grunted, staring at the ground. “We hooked up a few times.”

Michael cursed under his breath, and then there was some rustling like Michael was carrying the phone to another room. The slamming sound of the door confirmed it, followed by the distant scream of Jimmy. Michael had never been good at keeping quiet when he was angered. *“I leave you alone for a few weeks and you’re telling me you have fuckin’ AIDS?!”*

“Shut the fuck up,” Trevor spat out venomously. “I said I *might* have it!”

“You said you fucked a guy who has it! Are you stupid enough to not know how contagious it is?!”

“What’s it to you, huh?!” He let out a humorless laugh. “You scared I’ll die and disturb your playtime with your family?”

“Jesus. That ain’t... no. Calm down,” Michael sighed, voice muffled — Trevor could practically see his body, the way he jerked his neck and rubbed his mouth like he always did when he was nervous. Despite the possibility of a slow and painful death awaiting

him, he found the thought endearing. *"You'll be fine. You used a rubber, right?"*

Trevor licked his chapped lips. "Not really."

"What the fuck?!"

"It wasn't my fault," Trevor defended himself as if that would help. "Neither of us had one. The bartender heard and said he did. It was old. It fell apart."

"And you didn't think to, I don't know, stop and put on a new one?!"

Trevor made an anguished sound. "I was high as a fucking kite. I didn't think at all."

Michael groaned. *"Color me proud. Fuck, T. You promised you'd be careful."*

"I don't need you to lecture me, Michael!" Trevor snapped, the voice too loud in the small phone box. "I don't need you to rub it in my face! You can lecture my fucking gravestone, you sanctimonious, hypocritical *fuck!*"

"...Hey," Michael said in a softer tone. *"I'm just trying to help."*

"Well, you're doing a shitty job."

It surprisingly worked to shut Michael up. Trevor's gaze found the streetlight again, the orange hues radiating from it in perfect contrast with the white snowflakes. "I'm gonna die, Mikey," he whispered.

"No, you're not," was Michael's response, as unsure as he sounded. *"You're going to a clinic tomorrow. Getting tested."*

"What's that gonna help with? There's no cure."

Michael took a deep breath. Someone who didn't know him might say he sounded unfazed, but Trevor knew him, knew what every high and low in his voice meant, and knew he cared. *"I've seen it on the news. They're coming up with new treatments, T. People who have that shit don't die soon anymore."*

"Bullshit," he scoffed, pushing himself up off the ground to roll another coin into the phone. "I'm not gonna sit around and wait for death while my body decays."

“You won’t,” Michael confirmed boldly. “We don’t even know if you have it. Either way, we’re gonna continue taking scores together. You’re gonna see Trace and Jim grow up.”

Trevor’s lips twitched into a self-deprecating smile. “But you won’t touch me anymore.”

Michael didn’t answer.

“Then there’s no point,” Trevor decided.

“Trevor,” Michael said with urgency, lowering his voice, nearly whispering. The following three words were what Trevor had never thought he would hear from Michael. “I... I need you. I need you here with me. You’re my best friend. You’re... fuck. You’re more than that. So much more.”

Perhaps it was a blessing in disguise that he was going through the worst week of his life — he hadn’t even *dared* to imagine Michael saying something like that to him before, but he actually had, and even if he did have AIDS, he would die happily now.

But he wasn’t going to.

He sighed shakily, nodding to himself, pressing his lips together in a futile attempt to hold back the tears. Michael needed him. Tracey and Jimmy needed their uncle. He would have to be brave for them.

“I’ll go get tested tomorrow,” he murmured, wiping the wetness on his cheeks, almost laughing when he added, “And buy new boots.”

“Okay, yeah, boots,” was Michael’s response, and the way his voice cracked was proof that Trevor wasn’t the only one crying. *“You might not even have it, Trev. Maybe... maybe we’ll get lucky, huh?”*

We. Trevor wasn’t alone in this.

“Yeah. Maybe we will.”



LOS SANTOS 2013



'13

09TH OF DECEMBER

BRUCIE KIBBUTZ AND
HIS WAY TO THE TOP!

NEW CHAMPION



IN THE NEW ISSUE:

BULLSHARK TESTOSTERONE SCANDAL
COLLECTIVE VISIT TO SERBIA
FOR SHY ONES: WHAT HIS TATTOO SAYS



(: ✨ 2023
notmad/simon



GO FOR IT.

MICHAEL

art by
DAEKIYU





MISSION PASSED!

RESPECT +

CREDITS

_RANNITA

TWITTER: _RANNITA
TUMBLR: MIRANITA

IRIS

TUMBLR: IRIS-PNG

THATONEGAYGEMDOESART

TUMBLR: TRIKEYAREDILFS
INSTAGRAM: THATONEGAYGEM_DOES_ART

MEOWDIOUS

TUMBLR: MEOWDIOUS
INSTAGRAM: MEOWDIOUS
TWITTER: PROBABLYMANIAC

CLEEVITUS

TUMBLR: CLEEVITUS
INSTAGRAM: CLEEVITUS
TWITTER: CLEEVITUS

MARMAKAR

MARMAKAR.CARRD.CO

AINTGONNALEAVEYOU MIKEY

AO3: AINTGONNALEAVEYOU MIKEY
TUMBLR: NEVERGONNASIMPYOU MIKEY
TWITTER: GONNALOVEU MIKEY

TRANS_MAMEZUKU

TUMBLR: TRANS-MAMEZUKU
INSTAGRAM: 2FORT.ENJOYER

CATTYVHS

TWITTER: NEONCATTY
INSTAGRAM: CATTYONVHS

CREDITS

TARANTULAO

TUMBLR: TARANTULAO

YANKATON

TWITTER: YANK_A_TON

TUMBLR: YANK-A-TON

PRIM42

TUMBLR: PRIM42

TWITTER: PRIMFOUR TWO

PRIM42.CARRD.CO

DESPITETHECOLD

AO3: DESPITETHECOLD

TWITTER: DESPITETHECOLD

TUMBLR: DESPITETHECOLD

YUMMYPLUM

TWITTER: MUGGLESALT

ATALAJOESTAR

TUMBLR: ATALAJOESTAR

NOTMADSIMON

TUMBLR: NOTMADSIMON

GROOVI

TUMBLR: ABSINTHEFROG

DAE/SQUIB

TWITTER: DAEKIYUART

TUMBLR: DAEKIYU

THENOMANSLAND

THENOMANSLAND.CARRD.CO



TROPHY EARNED!

You made it to the end. Remember to support the contributors, unless you want Roman to call you at all times for the rest of your life. Wanna go bowling?

**THIS WAS A NON-PROFIT PROJECT.
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